

The blissefull dew of heaven do's arowze you,
The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,
And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*
Hast vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities
Have shewd due justice: Beare this hence.

Pal. O Cosen,
That we should things desire, which doe cost us
The losse of our desire; That nought could buy
Deare love, but losse of deare love.

Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtiler Game: The conquerd triumphes,
The victor has the Losse: yet in the passage,
The gods have beene most equall: *Palamon*,
Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th Lady
Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaime your fancie: He restord her
As your stolne Iewell, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven; The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The Executioners: Leade your Lady off;
And call your Lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two
Let us looke sadly, and give grace unto
The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end
The visages of Bridgemen weele put on
And smile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,
But one houre since, I was as dearely sorry,
As glad of *Arcite*; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charimers,
What things you make of us? For what we lacke
We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankefull
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question; Let's goe off,
And beare us like the time; *Florish. Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

EPILOGVE.

I Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,
But as it is with Schoole Boyes, cannot say,
I am cruell fearefull: pray yet stay a while,
And let me looke upon ye: No man smile?
Then it goes hard I see; He that has
Lov'd a yong handsome wench then, show his face:
Tis strange if none be heere, and if he will
Against his Conscience let him hisse, and kill
Our Market: Tis in vaine, I see to stay yee,
Have at the worst can come, then; Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold
We have no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For tis no other) any way content ye)
(For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: we, and all our might,
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

Florish.

FINIS.

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